

KING'S PALACE, 812-814 SEVENTH STREET

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD!

Read the following List of Bargains which we Offer for the Coming Week in MILLINERY. HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

100 dozen Colored Straw Hats in all the latest shapes. This lot comprises Hats that we sold formerly for 49c., 62c., 75c., 87c., \$1 and \$1.25. We offer you your choice for 25c.

Ladies' Sailors or Yacht Shapes in all colors. Sold everywhere for 25c. Our price, 10c.

See our Children's Trimmed Sailors, worth 25c. Our price, 12c.

Trimmed Hats, Bonnets, and Toques that sold formerly for \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, and \$6 we have reduced to \$3.25.

English Leghorns, in Black and Colors, worth 87c. Our price, 38c.

Lace Straw Flats, the very best Belgrade and Row and Row, sold everywhere for 87c. Our price, 45c.

Children's Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats that sold formerly for 62c., 75c. and 87c. Your choice at 48c.

Black Chip Flats, sold everywhere for \$1.25. Our price, 87c.

Black Leghorn Hats, sold everywhere for \$1.25. Our price, 85c.

DRY GOODS.

Just received a large assortment of Satteens, sold everywhere for 25c. We offer them at 15c. a yard.

Anderson's Scotch Gingham, reduced from 37 1-2c. to 25c. per yard.

3 Cases Stripe Lawns, 27 inches wide, at 5c. per yard.

2 Cases Plaid Muslin for dresses, regular price 12 1-2c. Our price, 7c.

Egyptian Lawns, 32 inches wide, good quality, only 10c.

A Beautiful Figured Persian Mull, worth 18c. Our price, 12 1-2c.

We Offer the following Extraordinary Bargains in Hosiery and Gloves.

HOSIERY.

Children's Black Derby Ribbed Hose, double knee, worth 15c. Our price, 10c.
Children's Black Ribbed Hose, extra long, double knee, worth 21c. Our price, 15c.
Misses' Plain Black Hose, Hermsdorf Celebrated Soudan Black, warranted fast black or money refunded, 23c.
Infants' Pin-striped Hose, good quality, 18c.
Children's Fast Black Double Knee, Heel, and Toe, warranted fast black, or money refunded, 25c.
Ladies' Full Regular Made Black Hose, extra long, patent split soles, at 19c.
Ladies' Fancy Cotton Hose, 26 gauge, best make, boot patterns, worth 39c. Our price, 25c.
An Elegant Fast Black Plain Ladies' Hose at 25c.
Ladies' Fast Black Hose, Hermsdorf celebrated make, warranted fast black or money refunded, 35c.
A good bargain in a Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, light weight, extra long, at 25c.
Ladies' Fancy Hose, fast colors warranted, drop stitch, extra long, super quality, at 48c.
We carry in our Hosiery Department FIRST QUALITIES ONLY, and when we sell you your Hosiery remember we guarantee them.

GLOVES.

Ladies' Taffeta Gloves, in Tans and Grays, worth 25c. Our price, 19c.
Ladies' Silk Taffeta Gloves, extra good values, in Black, Tans, and Grays, at 25c.
Ladies' Black Silk Jersey Gloves, worth 50c. Our price, 39c.
Ladies' Silk Gloves, extra qualities, in black and colors, worth 68c. Our price, 48c.
Black Silk Jersey Mitts at 10c. Pure Silk Jersey Mitts, worth 39c. Our price, 25c.
Pure Silk Jersey Mitts, extra good quality, worth 50c. Our price, 39c.
Extra Fine Silk Mitts, sold everywhere for 68c. Our price, 48c.
One lot of Silk Mitts, in all colors, reduced from 68c., 75c., 87c., and \$1, are now 48c.

KID GLOVES.

Our Celebrated La Belle Kid Glove, in all the latest shades, always sold at 89c. Reduced special for this week to 75c.
See our Warranted Glove, the Elite, in all shades. Can't be beat. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. \$1.
Our Empress Brand Kid Glove—regular price, \$1.49—reduced to \$1.25.
Suede Mousquetaire Kid Gloves, 8-button length, extra fine quality, sold for \$2. Reduced to \$1.69.

BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

KING'S PALACE,

812-814 SEVENTH STREET NORTHWEST,

811-813-815 EIGHTH STREET NORTHWEST,

N. B.—Be sure you come to the right place, as we have no connection with any other establishment in this city.

BEAR THIS IN MIND.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

The art of the deadhead is a great art, and the cheek of the deadhead is a great cheek. Chance has blown in my way a letter which is as fine a specimen of raw deadhead literature as I remember to have seen anywhere. It is written by the brother of a naval officer of high rank and good standing in Washington, and addressed to a Government contractor who gave a handsome complimentary excursion to a large number of public officials and other gentlemen of Washington, on the completion of his contract recently. Let us call the contractor Smith, let us say that the place was Boston, and the occasion the completion of a new war ship. Names, dates, and places excepted, here is a full and true copy of the letter which the deadhead addressed to the contractor:

PHILADELPHIA,
A FEW DAYS AFTER THE EXCURSION.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to thank you for your kindness by entertaining me in such a courteous and princely manner upon the occasion of your launching the —, and also upon your success in having it so favorably received by the Navy Department. May you live to enjoy the benefit of building many fine ships.

I have a very fine bull pup which I wish to give you—fullblooded and with a clear pedigree. I will send to you by express.

Now, Mr. Smith, (this is where the business comes in,) my wife desires to join me, and bring from Washington with her the wife of a prominent Senator, who will be a good friend of yours. She is going to Boston to see your new war ship, a sight she has never seen, and I write to ask if you have two excursion tickets that you have no use for that you will place at my disposal for their use. I would be still further under obligations to you, and trust it may soon be in my power to reciprocate.

Whenever you desire to have any business attended to in Washington connected with any of the Government Departments consider me at your command, and I assure you it will be executed with despatch. Thanking you for your kindness, and with best regards and success for yourself and those dear to you, believe me to be your true friend,

P. S.—If you can comply with my request send them as soon as possible to me at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

Another P. S.—Of course I will bear my own expenses.

Well, no. It is not art. It isn't cheek. It is downright mendacity. I apologize to the deadheads, the noble band of deadheads, "who toll not, neither do they spin," for having started out by classing this man among them. The writer of such a letter as this is not a deadhead. He is simply and only a beggar. Deadheadism is dignity itself by comparison. Just examine the method of the thing. How grateful the writer is for past favors! How the best wishes of his heart are for the continued success of Contractor Smith! The wife of that Senator who is to be such a good friend to Smith! The writer's own good services in the Department! And that bull pup! What will a mean man not do for a free pass—an excursion ticket that nobody has any use for, so to speak? And just think that the name signed to this begging letter belongs to at least one gentleman prominent and distinguished in the public service.

Mrs. Thompson was walking down Pennsylvania avenue with Mr. Brown. Brown is an intimate friend of Mr. Thompson, whose full name is George Francis Thompson, but to Brown and his friends he is invariably George, never Francis. The middle name is never or hardly ever used among the boys. All the way down the Avenue Mrs. Thompson kept talking about Frank, her Frank. Frank was away in New York, had been away several days, and wouldn't return for several days to come. She was impatient for Frank's return. Life in Washington or anywhere else was unendurable without Frank. She talked so much and so affectionately about Frank that Brown was greatly chagrined and mortified. He thought of his friend Thompson. Poor George, he thought, where does he come in since Mrs. Thompson has so much affection to bestow upon this fellow Frank, whoever he may be. He said nothing, but walked along silently by the side of Mrs. Thompson, reflecting upon the philosophy of the married state. He didn't think of asking who Frank was, and the strange thing about it was that Mrs. Thompson seemed to assume that Brown was perfectly familiar with her Frank. Brown was puzzled. He was embarrassed. He did not want to prolong the painful conversation or complicate the situation by asking any questions or making any remarks. After a period of silence Brown thought he would change the subject, so he asked Mrs. Thompson how George was. Mrs. Thompson looked surprised. She wondered if Brown had been dreaming, or if his mind was wandering. "Why?" she said, "I have just been telling you that he is in New York. I have been telling you about him all the way down the Avenue, and you didn't seem to pay any attention."

"Oh!" said Brown, "pardon me; I thought you said Frank."

"Yes, Frank, to be sure," said Mrs. Thompson. "I always call him Frank. Frank is his middle name. There are several Georges in the family, and we call him Frank for distinction. Besides, I like Frank better than George."

"Frank is a pretty name," said Brown. A new light had dawned upon Brown, and it soothed his feelings greatly. After all, the subject of Mrs. Thompson's affectionate remarks was not another fellow. Frank was George and George was Frank. Nobody was wronged, and Brown was glad of it.

A little incident which reflects a strong light upon the ways of Southern society before the war happened in Washington recently. A member of Congress from a State not so far North as Vermont and not so far South as Louisiana was in his room at the hotel one day, when he was informed that a man at the door wanted to see him—a colored man. "Show him up," said the Congressman, and the visitor was shown up. The colored man entered the Congressman's room with his hat in his hand and a great deal more show of respect in his demeanor than usually characterizes a negro who thinks he has a claim.

"He one of yo' constituents," said the negro; "an' I was a thinkin' you might get me a job in the Departments."

The Congressman started immediately to explain how difficult it was to get a job in any of the Departments. The negro respectfully but firmly pressed his suit, and the Congressman was about to dismiss him with the stereotyped assurance that he would do what he could for him. But the negro had a stronger card to play. "Missa Jones"—let us call the Congressman Jones—"Missa Jones," said the negro, and his head drooped, his eyes sought the floor, and his voice faltered, "Missa Jones," he said, "what I wants to tell you is that you's my brother, an' I think I's a right to 'speak you to help me."

"I'm your brother you say, Jones," repeated the Congressman. The negro's name was Jones.

too. The Congressman stood still for a moment, looked the colored man searchingly in the face, surveyed him too from head to foot, and then grasping him fraternally by the hand said, "I don't doubt it; and if you don't get an appointment under this Government I'll know the reason why."

The Congressman tells the story himself—sometimes. The colored man was a bright mulatto, a fine, clean-cut, magnificent specimen of a man. And now he has the job he was looking for.

"I am proud," said a gentleman the other day, "to belong to a profession which depends upon talent and not upon character." Now, what profession did he belong to? Guess. Was he a burglar? a pickpocket? a politician? a gambler? an actor? a prize fighter? No. He was a newspaper reporter.

What is delivery? The average newsboy seems to imagine that if he pitches your newspaper on the sidewalk in front of your house, or even if he drops it at the corner of your street, he has delivered it to you. The letter-carrier is not quite so far advanced, but he comes very near it sometimes. If you should be sitting in your front parlor or in your office with the window open some warm summer day and all of a sudden something should give you a knock on the side of the head or whiz past your ear like a cannon ball, don't be alarmed. It is nothing serious. You may have to carry your head in a sling for a week or so, but you must take your chances. It is merely the boy's way of delivering your newspaper or the postman's way of delivering your mail.

At the beginning of every Congress the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds makes a solemn compact with some caterer to keep the restaurant of the House of Representatives during the session. One express condition of the contract invariably has been that no intoxicating liquors shall be sold, and one invariable practice of the caterer has been to sell all sorts of intoxicating liquors. Before getting the contract the caterer has to furnish sample bills of fare and specimens of his art; and among other things, it is said he has invariably been required to furnish specimens of his intoxicating liquors. Speaker Reed returned from his mother's funeral the other day, and signalized the event by ordering that no more liquor traffic should be carried on in the House restaurant; but that order, like the contract referred to, is to be interpreted in a Pickwickian sense. It simply means that hereafter gentlemen will be expected to sit down to their drinks, instead of standing at the bar, and that the former custom of serving the whisky in teacups is to be revived.

A number of gentlemen were discussing Speaker Reed's superfluities, apropos of the fact that he was growing fatter and fatter. "One thing that is superfluous about Reed," said a Democrat who admires the Speaker's ability as a legislative driver, "is his Republican majority. Reed doesn't need any majority."

It is not generally known that Postmaster General Wanamaker loves to make a little bet; but he does. When confronted the other day with a newspaper report in which his name figured prominently the first idea that occurred to him was to bet that the report was wrong, and to prove it by the bet. There was no probability of the reporter's having \$1,000 loose about him, so the way the Postmaster General put it was that if the report could be substantiated he would give \$1,000 to the Grant memorial fund in New York city, where subscriptions seem to be badly needed.

Has it ever occurred to those who have taken an interest in the charge of plagiarism made against Senator Ingalls that the words of Father Masillon have not been paralleled with the Senator's? What was put side by side with Ingalls's address by the Kansas City literary detective was what purported to be an English translation of Masillon. Now the question seems to arise who made that translation. When was it made and when was it first printed? It seems to me not unlikely that it was made since the delivery of Senator Ingalls's address which has been called in question. In that case it would be possible to resemble Ingalls's language as much as possible and it would be a plagiarism on Ingalls. Thus investigation and an accurate knowledge of this fact might turn the charge against him who made it. Senator Ingalls admits that he took the idea from Masillon, but he certainly didn't take either the idea or the language from the stuff which this Kansas City critic produced as Masillon's. Both these petty literary detectives, anyhow. They are the meanest kind of private detectives and sniffers.

The Democrats, it is almost universally admitted, are going to carry the Congressional elections this fall. "The Democrats," said James W. Allison on Newspaper Row the other day, "are great on drawing big cards when there is no money on the table."

It begins to appear now that Congress will still be in session in September, just as happened two years ago. DAVID LEWISLEY.

A "STAR" FEATURE.

An Entirely New Innovation by One of Our Most Prominent Stores.

Mr. Charles Baum has inaugurated a system of sales, the first trial of which was given yesterday, and if yesterday's indications keep up the "star" sales will be one of Washington's successes. There was a continual crowd of ladies in the store throughout the day, and all the merchandise ticketed with a star found ready purchasers, which speaks well for the value of the goods offered. We found, on inquiring, that nothing was marked with a star but what was an unusual bargain, and the idea certainly seems to be a good one—at least that was the verdict of the ladies yesterday, and it is the ladies who will make it a success. The merchandise throughout the store was well displayed and tastefully arranged, and together with the bright faces and attractive costumes of the ladies, made a pretty scene not soon to be forgotten. The first "star" sale continues until Wednesday evening.

To Cool a Fevered Brow.

From the St. Louis Republic.
A well-known druggist was deftly preparing some Selditz powders the other day when The Man About Town dropped in upon him. "A rounder or a man about town," said he, "has no business to complain of a headache after a night's dissipation. No matter how many quarts of yellow label or white label or any other label he may have imbibed, if he will only remember to take two of these blue papers and one of these white, mix them in water and swallow he will get up next day as fresh as a daisy. There is nothing like a Selditz to cool a fevered brow or calm a turbulent stomach."

—Children, vote for your favorite school teacher in the great SUNDAY HERALD contest for a free tour of Europe this summer.

NOW READY, SPRING STYLES

HATS and CAPS.

GENTS' DRESS SILK HATS, \$5, \$6, and \$8.

SPRING STYLES DERBYS, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, and \$4.

SPRING STYLES SOFT HATS, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, and \$6.

BOYS' DERBY HATS, \$1.50, \$2, and \$2.50.

Boys' Cloth and Soft Hats, 75c., \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$2.50.

Ladies' Riding Hats and Caps.

Canes and Umbrellas.

Leather Hat Boxes.

JAMES Y. DAVIS' SONS

1201 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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